

The Great Peace



A Mosaic of Unrhymed Song

Composed by

JAMES LEITH MACBETH BAIN



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2014

The Great Peace

3 am

Alpha

THE GREAT PEACE

Being

A New Year's Greeting to our Motherland
and the nations at present in conflict
and

A Welcome to them all to the Feast
of the Great Peace

Composed by

Your Brother and Comrade in the Good Fight
of
Brotherhood

JAMES LEITH MACBETH BAIN

and

Published by the

Theosophical Publishing Society
161 New Bond Street
London W

This New Year 1915

THIRD EDITION

[*Revised and Enlarged*]

THIS WORK I OFFER IN LOVE TO MY MANY
COMRADES IN THE GREAT SERVICE OF PEACE,
AND I INSCRIBE IT TO THE MEMORY
OF
JOHN ANDERSON.

SURELY never had writer of books a printer such as I had in my friend of beloved and revered memory, JOHN ANDERSON.

Thus, when in "The Lady Sheila" I would honour this gentle, pure, saintly man by speaking of him as a true mystic and a spiritual soul, he took it on himself quietly to delete the expression from my copy; in doing which he was, by the way, acting far more wisely than I.

For, out of very love for my works, he himself was wont to set the type, ay, with his own agèd fingers, long after he had ceased from such work. And when he wanted more copy his request was: "Send me on some more of the words of Life."

And now our beloved brother has gone into the fuller life: He has entered the joy. He has tasted the new Wine. He has eaten of the Bread that satisfies. He dwells in the Love of God. His abiding is in the Great Peace.

We greet you, dear John, in the great Love: we salute you, comrade well-beloved, in the name of the Holy One who is for us the very near Presence of God,

and who is to you now the power of the same Great Peace you possessed and lived even while setting your type in Ramsay Lane, Edinburgh.

Many great and fine souls have I known even during this life, but no one do I love and esteem more than my still ever-active, ever-living friend and fellow in the most holy service of Life, JOHN ANDERSON.

Freely have ye received, freely give.

THERE is no copyright on any of my writings, for they belong to every soul who needs them and who can use them for its blessing. Only unto this end have they been given me.

Therefore no one who uses them in any way for the service of the neighbour need ask my permission for so doing. And any one can use them in translation or reproduce them in any way without even naming me.

Now I mean just what I say here. And I am greatly gladdened to find that in this I am taken at my word by comrades beyond the sea, who have translated my writings into their tongue, and that without even troubling me to give my consent. This is just as I would have it be, and these comrades do understand me. For I know that in the exercise of this communal principle no one could be found so base as to use these writings for any personal gain.

For they are no more mine than they are thine, human soul, dear to thy Christ, in whose name and in whose Will of Blessing they are now sent forth even for the service of thy need.

The very Practical Wisdom of Life.

One of the most esteemed of my many comrades in the world of spiritual aspiration and practice is a Russian lady of high social rank.

She told me lately that, when in St Petersburg, she one day received a letter warning her that her palace, which contained many valuable objects of vertu, of which her husband is an ardent lover and keen connoisseur, was to be burgled on such and such a night.

'All right,' said she to her own soul, 'we shall await the burglars, and I shall not inform the police.' So she sat up during that night awaiting the burglars.

Sure enough they came, two or three men in masks.

She allowed them to enter the house, and went to meet them by opening the door of her own apartment. She asked them if they were hungry or needed shelter, and told them to take away anything they found in the house that they needed.

The men were so unnerved by her dignified offer, of which doubtless they felt the sincerity, for she really meant what she said, that they quietly withdrew from her presence and fled the house. But one of them returned, and, kneeling before her, asked her to hand him over to the police. 'No, my dear friend,' she replied, 'but if you are in need of a home, abide with me.' And this burglar actually stayed in her house, night and day, for some weeks; and, when he left, it was because he was now a true saint, and would serve his comrades as he had been served. This happened some years ago, and his sainthood has proved itself to be true, and therefore abiding, ever since.

I passed some weeks this summer in Kelmseott, the Vegetarian Home for destitute children in Wallasey. Never is a door or eupboard in this house of God locked, There is no fear of thieves in the heart of these good people, therefore no thieves are attracted to their home. And yet it is in the near neighbourhood of Liverpool !

* * *

It has been my rule, for years now, to ask neither estimate nor account from my printers, publishers and others, and I know well that I am in no way the loser by thus simply trusting these good friends.

These are facts as plain and true as the fact that I now tell you of them. They need no comment on my part to speak to you their lesson of the most practical wisdom of life. For it is an equally simple fact that the powers of God, the servants of Good, do cneamp around those who are strong enough in God to be able to trust in the essential goodness of Life.

And the day is surely coming when Great Britain shall be great enough and strong enough in God to stand clothed only in the armour of her own essential goodness, which is the very panoply of God.

* * *

N.B.—Before we can fulfil the service of the peace of God for our world-soul in her present need, we must see well to it that love and only love for every soul possesses our whole nature ; for then, and only then, will it be possible for the Great Peace so to dwell in us that we shall become a centre of peace ; and then, and not till then, will it be possible for us to give the peace of God to others. Thus let us love.

The Oblation of Our Strength.

O CHRIST of the Ages of our Race, Mother of the Great Compassion, Father of the Great Peace of God for the heart of mankind, unto Thee we now offer all our strength, all our nature, all, all we are in the virtues of our mind, our soul and our body.

To Thee now we offer it unreservedly, asking Thee to use it, as Thou seest fit, for the service of the present need of the soul of our native land and for the need of the soul of all the peoples of our mother-earth.

We are willing that all our strengths be thus used in Thy power, O Thou Who art the wisdom and the love of God, for Thou knowest better than we how this service may be well fulfilled.

Between the Trenches.

(It is at least worthy of note that these fraternizings between British and German, Russian and Hungarian soldiers, and which to me are of inestimable significance, have arisen just after this work had been in the hands of many of the lovers of mankind. In no portion of this work did I so persistently abide night and day as in this very one).

BETWEEN the trenches we stand, in the company of Thine unseen servants, O Christ, clothed as they in Thy strength, and armed as they with Thy will of Blessing, and we call aloud in the speech known to both camps: Britons, these are your own brothers whom ye would slay; Germans, these are your very own kindred whom ye would annihilate.

Men, ye have even now the invincible power of comradeship; men, ye have the inassailable might of brotherhood in your hands. How long, how long will ye that the power to use it be withheld from you?

Come, brothers, come to me; be men, not slaves; be men, and embrace one another. Ye were born lovers, not murderers of one another. Come, let us be lovers.

Foreword.

"Now is the judgment of this world : now is the Prince of this world cast out. And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me."

(The Christ of the Ages of our Race through Jesus.)

Assuredly we are witnesses of the judgment of the present world-order in its social system and general dispensation of the means and ways and issues of the elements of our human life. Verily in these days we see its dethronement; and they who live long enough will witness, even in this body, the utter ejection of its power from our modern civilisation.

Long time now has our present social order been judged and condemned as effete by the sons of God, both in the invisible and visible degrees of our humanity, and their cry : How long ? How long ? is now being answered in very fact.

We know that, sure as the rising of the sun, so sure for us is the coming of the new regime wherein dwelleth the great righteousness of Life.

For, out of her present agony, the new order, the holy Brotherhood of mankind, even the Christly ideal of the seers of the ages shall emerge, sane, strong, and beautiful for the blessedness of the human soul.

'And I, even I, the Christ of the Ages of our Race, shall at length be exalted in our world-consciousness. And, when I am so lifted up, all souls in the realms physical and superphysical will be drawn unto the Holy Light of the new Day.'

* * *

Come ye then with me, ye who live in the consciousness of the power of prayer; come with me into the Holy Place of the Power of God, where, even now, as truly as in the past ages, we can speak to God even face to face as friend speaketh to friend.

* * *

Now, when we pray for the Peace of God we pray for all good.

But the Peace of God may not in these present days actually bring the cessation of wars. Ultimately it assuredly will, but not of necessity in these days.

Indeed, its coming might even intensify the forces at work in this war, and so hasten the maturing of the fruitage thereof, which we know cannot but be good.

For God alone is, and God is good. And we know that in God war is, even as peace is. Yea, hell, as truly as heaven, is in God, Who is the all and in all of our whole mundane and cosmic being and existence. But we also know that out of the labour and agony and tribulation of these elements of the human soul is being born even now the new thing of Life, the holier light, the fairer day, the serener sky, the sweeter air.

In this is the doctrine of the Cross, and all our teachings go to support the truth, that always out of the storm is born the melody, that out of the anguish of our soul ever comes forth the child of the greater Love.

Peace and war are as the day and the night, the calm and the tempest of our earthly existence in the present degree of its unfoldment. And inasmuch as greed still prevails in this degree, death too prevails, and the powers of hell prevail. For, only in the state that we call hell is war possible. Here it is in order, here it is right. Here is its place, and here we still are.

But when we, as a human family, have entered our heavenly estate, there shall be no more war, neither sorrow nor sighing: for God, even the Holy Lover, shall have wiped away all tears from the eyes of the soul of our mother-earth, and the Brotherhood of the nations shall be a realised fact in her consciousness.

This is the Day we see as nigh at hand, even though by the reckoning of years it may appear to be afar off. This is the only Day we all hymn of in God. For in it is the fulfilment of all our desire. Therefore it is that we say nothing here even of the efforts of the friends of peace, that are surely making for a general disarmament, and which have our whole sympathy and fullest service.

* * *

I have had these MSS. by me for some eight weeks, and I now print them because I am assured, by the help they have been to all who have read them, that they will be a source of cheer, or at the very least, of comfort to you, my reader.

During these two months of our great labour and anguish I have sought to induce and maintain, in my own self and in those I am privileged to influence spiritually, the state of utter quiet or peace of soul. To gain this end I have not neglected any lawful physical means that suggested itself to me. Thus, *e.g.*, I have confined my diet to the most quieting foods; using vegetables and fruits freely, and abstaining from tea and even cocoa, it being also a stimulant.

This regime I have found to serve well the end in view, and I commend it to you, my comrade and my fellow in the labours of life.

For to you who read this, I am certain, that, as to me,

there is no post wherein you are so well fitted to serve the present need of our world-soul as in this, the most holy place of power open to our humanity, even the secret place of the Most High. I know it is so with you, otherwise you would not be reading this word.

And your work it is now, even in these days of worldly conflict, to fight the fight of the Good, to oppose your will of great brotherhood and all that that implies, to the will of the Adversary of our world's good. Does this will manifest, *e.g.*, in bitterness and hate or resentment, clamouring around you for revenge? Then you must combat it by the will of blessing, and slay it by the sword of Love. And no better word of power can you use for this end than the word which is in itself the perfect panoply both of defence and offence in this most holy warfare: "God bless every soul."

* * *

Now, the secret place of God is in the great Silence *i.e.*, the silence of the ordinary mundane selfhood—the mentality who thinks and discusses and criticises, and the soul who loves and hates and fears and hopes, despairs and desires, even the silence of the selfhood who is fed on the ephemeral, whose existence depends on this passing show, and is as unreal as the vanities and dreams that sustain it.

And when this clamouring, anxious, care-laden self is stilled, there is silence within you; and into this silence comes the Holy Presence, even the power of the One Spirit. And in this coming is the conscious quiet, the realised calm, the peace felt and tasted, and which is at once recognised by the soul and known to be the very Peace of God.

Now this is anything but mere passivity (See "The Christ of the Healing Hand," pp. 111 and 124). It is,

in fact, a mode of the highest, most potent and most intense activity possible as yet to our humanity.

During this deep quiet, the superconscious soul, or the power of the Higher Self is liberated and so allowed to do its work, just as the subconscious soul is during sleep, and this is why the state I now speak of is so essential to our health of mind, soul and body. For it is the Christ-soul in you who is set free, and who now works, and this is the very Soul of your soul, the Strength of your life, even the mighty God in your midst.

To induce this deep quiet it is good for the "two or three" to sit together, thus fulfilling the law of our fellowship in co-operation, and to hold a common thought or word of power, such as "the Peace of God," "O Christ, Thou art the Peace of God," or simply the one word "God." Sitting thus in utter quiet of body, uttering no sound, the quiet of mind and soul is soon induced, and in due time the fellow ministrants are introduced into the banqueting chamber of the little children, where flows ever freely the new wine of the kingdom of the Great Peace, even the Lifestream of the Holy One of our Blessedness, the Christ of the ages of our race.

* * *

Come now with me to the Feast Chamber, all ye who who are worthy, and therefore able, to enter into the dwelling of the Most High, even the secret place of the Power of the Great Love. There shall we see the Mother, exalted and glorified by the flame of all our divine passion and selfless anguish, and she holds in her arms the Holy Child, born out of the suffering of the soul of Humanity, even the Christ who is to be.

25th October 1914.

A little Word on the Rightness and Wrongness of War.

WHETHER a man should fight for home and country or not, is a problem so very fine and so very far-reaching in its issues that it would be well for us to talk it over quietly together for a little time.

Its solution, and it can, like all other problems of Life, be solved with perfect consistency and satisfaction to all concerned, really depends on the great principle of Relativity, the relativity of good and evil, as of all else in our mundane existence.

For it is a fact that, as things now are, what is an evil to me may not be an evil to you, and *vice versa*, and is so while we are living together in the same social body wherein we must conform our life to the same code of ethics, even we who are in our severally true, real, or innermost natures dwellers in two totally different worlds or orders of things.

Now, according to the world or order to which we in this our real or innermost individual nature belong, so is the law of Life to which we must conform. From this fact there is no possible escape or appeal. To this fact there is no possible exception.

And there is a law for the animal man and a law for the spiritual man, just as there is here a law for the artist and a law for the man of business, a law for the lover and a law for the hater, a law for the wise and a law for the foolish.

Even so there is a law of this present world-order, and there is a law of the Christ-degree of being.

And if we are still under the law of this present world-order, in which self-preservation is the first and fundamental principle of its essential being, we must fulfil this law, one item of whose righteousness certainly is to fight for self-preservation, *i.e.*, to fight for home and country, to protect our defenceless, even to the slaying of the body of the aggressor if need be.

And the men who feel themselves called or impelled so to fight are yet under the law of this present world-order, and they would certainly be doing a serious and great wrong, both to their own soul or real nature, and to their country, by shirking their responsibility in refusing so to fight.

For theirs, too, is an inner or divine urge or inspiring force, but it is not the Christly urge. It is yet of the Genius of the world-soul or present order.

But if we are in the Christ-degree we are under the law of Christ, and the righteousness of the Christ-order, and that alone, can we fulfil.

And the ethics of Christ do not allow us to slay or hurt any body or any soul willingly, or wilfully, or consciously.

Now we shall soon know when we have come to be under this law of the Great Lover, for we shall not be able to wound, to slay, or to destroy any sentient creature willingly, or wilfully, or consciously. Our very hand will, as it were, automatically refuse to do the deed.

And, were it necessary, we would even be able to stand by and see our dear ones slaughtered by the barbarian without even raising a hand or using any carnal power for their defence. This would be the supreme test in us.

This assuredly is a supreme power to possess, and it only comes of the real, deep knowledge and consciousness

of God, and the holy, sane faith in God that is the sure fruit of this knowledge and consciousness of the Presence.

For you then know that only once again in the woful history of our earth's hell-degree are you offering these your very own, your dearest flesh and blood, as the most precious offering you can offer unto the sacrificial service of the Holy Lamb of God, whose blood, sweet and precious beyond valuing, in its inborn innocency, is being shed throughout the ages, perennially and through an unnumbered host of victims, for the consuming away, through a transmuting process, of the dark karma, or as the Christian mystic would express the same truth, for the bearing away of the sin of the world.

And the strength of soul needful to make this oblation is of far higher calibre than that required to face the bayonet or to stand quietly at the post of duty amid showers of shrapnel.

Yes, this is the Great Fight in which we fight. And I say most advisedly that the powers we, as soldiers in this conflict with the dark forces of the unscen worlds, manipulate, are of a far higher potency and effectivity even in this external realm of things than that of either dynamite or melanite.

And so it is that we neither condemn nor rebuke our brother because of the intense nationalism and patriotic zeal that sends him now to the front, eager, ay, panting, to meet the aggressor and slay his body.

Nay, rather do we understand him. And to understand him is only to love him all the more, and to give him his true place in the wondrously fine and beautiful economy of this our cosmos.

And that there will be as many such valiant and self-giving heroes as are needed to fulfil this service of blood

while the present world-order lasts we may not doubt, so exact is the balance of nature, so fine is the ordering of all things, both mundane and universal.

Few, few yet among us are the friends of God, the white-robed, the blameless, the harmless, the brothers and sisters of Jesus and Buddha, the lambs of God, the holy children of the Great Love, whose hands may not be stained with the blood of any creature.*

And while this present world-order lasts they must be few and scarce, even as the salt of the earth.

And they must be allowed to do that good fighting in their own way and with weapons that are not of this world. Thus indeed it will be well.

For, if so allowed to fulfil their own righteousness, they will be found to be far more effective for the overthrow of evil than are they who must shed blood in order to protect or enforce the right.

Every soul in her own degree, fulfilling the law of her own degree; that is the principle of Life; that is the holy law of God for you and for me, my brother, my sister.

But let me not dictate to you what is right for you, nor may you tell me what is right for me.

In this, the sphere of our inviolable conscience, every sane soul must be her own interpreter of the law of God, and by this interpretation must she abide. Thus is a perfect consistency formed and maintained; and the world is seen, ay, even in these days, to belong to one great Cosmos, whose soul is God, whose life is good.

** I do not say that I know that all the strengths of my nature have yet been transmuted into this supreme strength, but I do know that I am far on the way towards it. And there both you and I shall assuredly come in good time.*

The Great Peace.

THAT the Great Peace, even the Peace of God, may, in these present days, be brought forth into actual manifestation on the outermost plane of our human activity, is surely the one great desire and labour of every soul who has come into any degree, how feeble soever that degree may be, of the consciousness of the Healing Christ as an ever-present, never-failing Power of Blessing in the soul and body of the human kind.

And we who do profess to belong to the Great Brotherhood of Healers who work the good works of the Will of compassion, mercy and love in the realms invisible and visible of our human cosmos, are conscious of nothing aworking and energising more persistently and more potently in our whole nature during these days than this same desire.

Howsoever we are occupied physically or mentally it matters not. This one labour of our soul is incessant, urgent, never passing from us night nor day. And we cannot otherwise.

And why cannot we, who do belong to the Body effective of the Great Healing Christ, do otherwise?

Because, if we are in the Christ-consciousness, we do love every creature with our whole heart, soul and mind.

And it follows from this that we must love all these warring peoples equally and well. We feel that they all belong in their true or essential nature to the great Christ-body of Humanity, and that in very reality they are of our own substance, bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh, soul of our soul, life of our life.

And inasmuch as we truly feel this to be so, in so much shall we suffer equally in the sufferings of "the aliens" and in the sufferings of "our own" nation.

And again I repeat it, we cannot otherwise. This is our place, and our only place. True, the narrower, and what is understood to be the patriotic, which we verily laud and commend as utterly beautiful in those who are still bound by the national feeling, will seek to press our powers into its service, but in this it must fail. This we say even while we gladly, ay, thankfully, recognise that, speaking as man to man, so far as our vision and judgment carry us, we do feel that if ever Great Britain found herself engaged in a righteous war, she certainly is so now, it being understood that this righteousness is not the righteousness of Christ, but of self; nor of Heaven, but of Hell, or the human realm and degree of greed, and therefore, strife.

For our only place of abiding is in that realm wherein the personal or national is entirely transcended. No more can we function spiritually in the degree of the limited affections. For us to serve is to serve all.

We do not say that this narrower service is impossible, nor do we in any way criticise it. We simply say we are not there, and never more can be there.

Therefore it is that in our daily meetings for silent concentration towards the coming peace of the world, we can only will the good things, and as much for our German as for our French brothers and sisters in life.

And therefore it is that even at the risk of being considered disloyal, we cannot join in the prayers of the churches for the dead and wounded of our Army and Navy, in preference to those of Germany.

Also, in so far as we are in the Wisdom of Christ, we

know that they are all our brothers in life, and that all our interests are one. We know that what is loss to them is loss to us, and what is gain to us is gain to them. We know that the present law of possession, being all a delusion and in the falsity of greed, is the cause of this strife.

This knowledge is a sure fruit of the wisdom of God in every soul who has been so enlightened, and they can never deny it. It stands in their deepest nature, firm, sure and steadfast, an abiding consciousness, sane and sanctifying, however much in their superficialities other thoughts or feelings may at times arise to appearance.

Now, the mission of Great Britain—and I speak of Great Britain because she is the mother of the many peoples, American and other, who are equally called to this great world-service—is to be the bearer and forth-bringer of this Holy Thing to the peoples of the earth.

And that she has been called of Heaven, and set apart for this great world-service, is evident from many facts of her existence as an Empire, among which we name these few :

(How conscious we are of her falling short, of this great trust we cannot tell. Surely we are not blind to her failings, nor is it in us to compare invidiously or boastfully our people with these other peoples.

Yet the fact remains with us that she is ordained so to serve.)

(1). Through her sympathy with the natives, her tact, her perseverance, her righteous legislation, she is the most successful coloniser of all nations.

(2). She responds before all the old nations of Europe to the more generous impulses of humanity, and has been

looked to as the defender of the rights of the feeble and the champion of liberty, even as, to her honour be it said, she is openly avowing herself now.

(3). She has enshrined and kept alive in her national genius the Christ-doctrine of self-sacrifice, and to-day among the Anglo-Saxon peoples, the most erudite and advanced minds and souls, are, at least, students of the doctrines of the great Christ, who is the Love of God for all mankind. And in this is her cosmopolitan genius.

And if only she will be true and faithful to this, the best genius of her soul, doing the Will of God in denying all greed, by freely sharing her world-wide dominions with these brother peoples, who also need, and have a right to, a share of these lands, she will live to do her great work for the redemption of the whole earth.

Yes, if only she will do the will of Love, and so fulfil the holy law of her true being, she will become in very truth the leader of the peoples, the honoured of heaven and earth, the Queen Mother of the nations.

But there is the great risk that the virus of greed may even yet, notwithstanding her hard lessons of its baneful fruit in the past, so poison her mind and soul that she shall again fail of her heavenly mission.

This we can say with the understanding of unbiassed judgment.

For we have not failed, when there was need, to speak and to write in as public a mode as was possible to us, a rebuke of her iniquities. [See, Song of the Cross (Chant of the Labour of Satan), p. 22].

And we affirm that, if through any psychic infirmity, she fails now from her God-ordained mission, assuredly she shall fall as a nation, she shall not stand as the leader of the peoples in God.

Again we say, and we would that this word could be heard throughout our beloved Empire: only by fulfilling her Divine mission, only by doing now what to her is the will of God, can she stand firm and strong, can she long endure as a power of righteousness on this earth.

That she shall thus stand I doubt not. That even now the true national genius of the enduring, spiritual kernel of our people is Christly in tone and in hidden potentiality, I am glad, glad to recognise. And it is well that we should so recognise it, for even in the recognition there is an uplift to the national soul.

For in these days, as has been my wont for years, I have gone much among various groups and societies of working men, and I have noticed that, sure as the note of Brotherhood has been clearly and well sounded by the speaker, so surely have these men responded with a hearty cheer. And in that hearty British cheer my heart has leapt for very joy, for I have heard in it the sound of the voice of the new Humanity, the note we have so long listened for, agonised for, yearned for, even the very forth-uttering of the Word of the Christ who is coming. From the same groups, that only twelve years ago arose the cries of hate and the yells of vengeance, now arise the willing recognition of their fellowship with their German brothers, and even a hearty response to the call for their outstretched hand towards these their comrades in life.

Surely, surely this is the coming of the Christ of God in new power among us; and surely, surely it means to all who can read the future, that it is well, well, well with our beloved land, and well with our Mother-earth.

To the Many Who Suffer.

*(Because of the sorrow of the many little children of Christ,
we are moved to give this sure word of comfort.)*

YE mothers and fathers, wives and children, sisters and brothers, lovers and friends of these men, whether ye be German or British, we would take this opportunity of offering you a very sure word of comfort.

We have looked at these faces, and we feel sure, whether these men know it or not, they, in their *esprit de corps*, are enthused of the self-giving Spirit of the Lamb of God, Who gives His Life for the salvation of the world, shedding it ever freely, fully, willingly.

Even as a consistent peacemaker, I can say that we utter a most sacred truth in this startling assertion. For we know that only by the shedding of innocent blood can the dark, karmic stains of the past on the soul of Europe be washed out; and these youths are innocent.

Surely, then, ye mothers and wives, ye fathers and brothers, ye lovers of the heroic, Belgian and Prussian, French and German, Austrian and Russian, ye will find in this word the sure comfort of Christ, and ye will give it to all ye can thus help.

Sweet, sweet indeed it is to die for the fatherland; but sweeter far it is to give one's life for the world. And even through your present suffering ye will come in good time to know that it is so.

Fight the Good Fight of Brotherhood.

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee."—ISAIAH.

1.

EVEN now we can trust in our living God; yea we can, we can; and we shall continue to fight the good fight of our faith in the good in our own heart.

We shall continue to declare the Peace of God to be the only real abiding state of the soul of man. We shall not cease to affirm it now, even while our streets are flooded with these great and many new-formed armies of war.

Surely then ours is a great and a hard fight to fight, yet even now we can stay ourselves upon our living God.

2.

Bonnie lads, brave boys, honest fellows, well-born youths, are there any among those cheering crowds who love you more truly than we do? Are there any who appreciate your patriotism more truly than we, are there any who can discern, even in this voluntary gift of your young bodies, the hand of God aworking more clearly than we? I trow not, I trow not: for we love you well.

3.

We know the beauty and the virtue, and because of the present evil the need of this sacrifice; and yet we

know that your warm human flesh was not born of woman to be the food of the machine gun; we know that your generous blood was not quickened in the warmth of Mother-earth to quench the insatiable thirst of the hot-throated mitrailleuse. This we say, this we declare; and who knows better than we, that he who slays the body slays not the soul, and he who rends the flesh touches not the man? Ay, who knows better than we that the dissolution of this body dissolves not the individuality, touches not the personal essence?

4.

We also know that none of us, more willingly than you, when you are possessed of your sane human genius, even you, artizans, clerks, shopmen, labourers by hammer, spade and loom, toilers by hand and brain, would rush to the holy embrace of your brothers in Berlin. Yes, we know, we know it well, and we see you drilled for their swifter destruction, sharpened like the fine-bladed bayonet for their surer massacre. (Ah, the pain, the pain of it all! Surely it is our human heart that is speaking, and not the wisdom of God).

5.

Therefore it is that we shall continue to fight the fight of God, even the good fight of Peace. And I trow, it is a greater and a harder fight than any that may come to your eager hands, even in these days.

6.

Bonnie lads, bonnie lads, ye ween not that ye are offering your sweet, young life for the sins of the self-seeking, self-loving, brute soul of this world. Yet, in the

name of Truth, it is so. Verily a great uplift is awaiting thee, O youth, strong enough in the selfless Love to throw thy life into the cause, that, even though unrighteous, yet appeareth good to thee. Verily, thou shalt awake a finer and stronger soul, a clearer light illumining thy face, because of thy gift of thy self unto the other.

7.

Bonnie lads, bonnie lads, God blesses you all; God blesses you all. Beautiful and dear in the eyes of the Great Love is the oblation of your warm blood. Therefore we shall now sing to you of the Redemption of our world-soul through the power of the Great Love.

The Song of the Redemption of the World-Soul from her Iniquities through the Power of the Great Love.

"When you see these things come upon the earth, then lift up your heads and rejoice, for your redemption draweth nigh."

"For I will overthrow, overthrow, overthrow; and behold I make all things new."

(The Christ of the Ages of our Race.)

WE cannot do otherwise than sing the Song of Salvation, because in God we do love all these combating peoples equally and well, and we knew that through all this tribulation their redemption surely is coming.

In great times, verily, we are living; and right glad are we to be incarnate on this earth now, even though it be in these bodies and souls of sore suffering.

So glad are we, in the innermost deep of our being, even while the heart of the outer nature is hourly pierced with sorrow, and well nigh torn unto death in the pains of our world-anguish, that we cannot but sing once more, as we sang in our early youth, the Song of our Great Redemption from the powers of death :

“In Thee she labours groaning deep
And silent for the coming morn :
And Thou the tears of love dost weep
Over the ages newly born.

“For lo! the force, the immortal force
Of justice, brotherhood and right,
Is swelling, swelling in its course,
Is bearing off the gloom of night.

“And Thou, great Love, all conquering Power,
Art born to-day to rule the world ;
And o’er the land blood-stained an hour
Thine ageless banner is unfurled.

“And men the strong are gathering round
From every land, from far and near ;
And Mother Earth awakes to sound
The opening of the Holy Year.”

So sang we thirty-three years ago in “The Opening of the Gates,” and so sing we now; and the note of our vision is to us, at least, even more clear and sure than it was then.

For these days are great with the burden of the coming Day,—our times are heavy with the child of the future. And to this child, even the new Humanity, the Son of man, the fruit of the love of the universal good, the brotherhood of men will be as natural a fact of its most ordinary existence as will be its simple joy in the breaths of the holy sun and the sweet airs of its new heaven.

* * *

And here parenthetically we affirm that, strange though it may be for us to say so, yet do we know well that the world-wide struggle of our womanhood for the liberation of her untold wealth in the powers of the very services we most need in these times, and the present terrible conflict of Europe for her emancipation from the bondage of materialism, manifest to us most poignantly in these days as militarism (and in this bondage, I trow no nation is free to point the finger of rebuke at another), arise from the same daimionic urge of the great Genius of our race, and are essentially one in aim, in labour, in power, and in sure, triumphant issue.

By the emancipation of our womanhood I mean not merely her political enfranchisement—that is a trifle in itself, and is only of the external sphere of her existence, but the liberation of all her forces for the service of the race.

We may not give our steeds rein on this field, otherwise they would carry us a long, long way; so great, so manifold, so far reaching, so satisfying, ay, so beautiful in Life are, to our seeing, the forthgoings and forthbringings of the free and full exercise of the powers of our womanhood.

But, were we to allow ourselves to indulge in the utterance of "ifs," we might say here and now, as well apropos, that, if only woman had occupied in these days her rightful place in the deliberations of our parliament, we do believe that this war might not have been. This we can see while yet affirming that, as things are, verily it had to be.

For woman, through her wisdom, is the saviour of man, through her finer intuition she is his true guide and control. And this is so because she is the creator-mother. In her are enshrined, *par excellence*, the powers of our whole economic genius, and man as man alone, is utterly inefficient, and fruitless are his works of mind or soul or body apart from her.

Therefore it is that we have, from the time of the first uttering of the call unto this holy war of sex-liberation, declared it to be the supreme Christly movement of our day, and the one which, far beyond any comparison, is the most pregnant with vital import for the future well-being of our race, of all the movements that can, and do claim, our services for their speedy triumph. How long shall our legislators halt between two opinions? When will they see clearly, truly, wisely? Thus having spoken our word, we now can take up the Hymn of Redemption.

* * *

For even while we sing our Song of the Ages, She, the Holy Christ-Mother, labours in the travail of God for the birth of the era of Peace, even She, the soul of the Divine Compassion, She, the Love of God, the strong Saviour, the Redeemer of our world-soul from hoary death and the powers of hell.

For Divine though She be, yet is She also human, being incarnate as our Earth-Mother in God.

And we know She labours in God, we know She weeps the tears of the agony of the Great Love over the age now being born into our world-consciousness.

For we, even we, her little children, have ceased not, ay, ceased not day nor night, to labour in her travail, to agonise in the throes of her struggle, to weep in her weeping the tears of the hidden soul.

Yes, long years have we wept with her these tears, seen of no man, seen only of the All-seeing Eye.

And so we know that we weep with Her, and so we know that we shall soon, even before many days, rejoice with Her for that a beautiful One has been born into our degree, and unto our need.

Yes, One beautiful in God, One great in the ageless Divinity of the future, One strong in the new Love, mighty to bear the burden of man, on whom is already laid the load of our infirmity, even the One, as sang our well-beloved in the past ages, "the One mighty to save."

* * *

And you, my sister in Life, and you, my brother in God, can even now help the Christ-Mother of our Earth to bring forth the Beautiful One.

Yes, I tell you, my fellow in service, my comrade in the tribulation of the soul of the Great Compassionate, you can help in this present deliverance of the ages.

And now we will tell you how you can thus work with God.

(1). By jealously guarding the great Peace in your heart-centre, and willing ever, and evermore willing peace, peace, peace to every soul.

(2). By carefully guarding the holy Love of God in your deepest heart, and so, persisting in loving all souls equally and well—even German as Briton, black skin as white skin, alien as your nearest kindred.

(3). By fighting in the silent deep of your own hidden nature, daily, hourly, ay, it may be of need, momentarily, this good fight of a true faith in the unlimited blessedness of the God-love, even at this time when it seems to be the last thing our human soul could produce, or our earth-nature realise.

For this is none other than the fight of God, and thus do we fight with God in the good fight of Life; and thus do you actually aid in the great work of the Good Mother of our Days; and you do so now.

I tell you I know this is so; and further, I do not believe it is too much for our faith to say, that, by so possessing your God-Peace in your soul now, you do your part to advance the realisation of the great work of the Holy Love. You, in a way, hasten the coming of the Christ who is to be, by thus keeping open the way of Life the Blessed in your own heart.

And, even as we all work together for this end, you in me, and I in you, and the Christ of the Ages of our Race in us all, and we all in the Holy One of our Blessedness; so are we crying continually out of the soundless deep of our humanity: even so come quickly; even so come, O Lord, our Christ, our God. We await Thy coming.

Ye who Love can Understand.

1.

To understand aright is to know, to know aright is either to pity or to sympathise with ; to do all this aright is to love in God.

And Love alone can see aright, Love alone can know aright, Love alone can feel aright.

For they who love have the vision of God, who loveth all creatures equally and well.

And ye men and women who love, are the eyes of God, for your brothers who, having eyes to see, yet see not aright for lack of love.

And to you there is no alien ; and ye can understand the word of all men and of all creatures.

Ye can understand all creeds and all parties—national, political, social ; and ye can belong to no party.

2.

Ye can understand Bernhardi, and ye can understand Tolstoi.

Ye can understand the power and use of the Czar, and ye can understand the inassailable might of the Doukoboos.

Ye can understand the consistent follower of Jesus Christ, who would not hesitate to be slain by, rather than to slay his brother, and ye can understand these ministers of the Christian church who offer themselves right heartily for any service they can fulfil at the front.

Ye can understand the fierce Uhlan, and ye can understand the gentle Jacob Boehme. Ye can understand the word of Beethoven, and ye can understand the voice of the Kaiser. Yes, ye can understand the Kaiser, and I trow there is no man alive whom we so pity to-day because of the work given him to do.

We understand them all and their uses in the great economy of our day. And to understand aright is to know, and to know aright is to compassionate or pity, and to compassionate aright is to love in God.

And to love in God is to love all equally and well.

3.

And you I understand in your great and strong hymn of Hate, my brother poet, ———, and I salute you now in the will of brotherhood; and when we meet in the body carnate or decarnate 'we shall know each other better,' for the mists will have passed away, and the Sun of Love will be shining within us both.

The Song of My Love to Germany.

(THIS REPLY TO THE HYMN OF HATE IS INSCRIBED TO THE SINGER OF THE HYMN, WHOSE NAME, FOR VERY LOVE'S SAKE, I WITHHOLD FROM THE GAZE OF MY READERS.)

1.

THOU hast sung to me thy hymn of Hate, my brother, now shall I chant to thee my song of Love.

And my song of Love shall prevail over thy hymn of Hate; and the worlds of men and gods shall proclaim me to be the master-singer, inasmuch as in my song is a truer and sweeter human note than in thine.

2.

And by the power of my song I shall subdue thee unto the dominion of my King of Righteousness; and thou shalt become the most willing and most obedient subject of my Prince of Peace; and thou shalt yet serve him more faithfully than I have served him.

3.

By Love I shall heal thy soul of its frenzy. By Love I shall deliver thy mind from thy self-created madness.

For it is not really my brother who sings this hymn of Hate, but an evil thing who obsesses thy fair soul.

Therefore thy hymn of Hate hurts me not. Nay, but I find in it a certain comfort; for to me it is a sure sign that thy madness is passing from thee.

For a hate, such as this, only comes to the soul or conscious state of man or society when it is about to pass away. It is the shriek of its death agony; it is the sore crying of its last struggle.

4.

My brother, my own brother, son of my own Father, son of my own Mother, I will to thee now the best that can be given thee of Heaven. And thou knowest, sure as I chant to thee my love, so sure would I serve thee in the best way I can.

And no better way can I see to serve thee well and for thy good, even now in this the hour of thy dire need, than to seek to save thee from thyself.

For thou hast generated a false self, thou hast created a hideous thing, a monster of death, a phantom of hell,—an image who is verily a masquerade of thy true Self, a fiction of thy lower nature, a creation of all thy unworthinesses.

Unreal, yea, a lie is the very existence of this eidolon, yet hath it the power to destroy thee.

Strong hath the monster grown, and already it is strangling thee, yes, even thee, my brother.

Yet is thy virtue, yet is thy virility, yet is thy strength, and thy strength alone, in its clutch.

For thou hast long time nourished it well and right willingly on the finest elements of thy human soul and body.

5

O Brother, know that this self-engendered, self-nourished monstrosity obsesses thy fair manhood, deludes with foolish imaginings thy true, thy native mentality, puffs up with vanity thy soul, possesses with an insane pride thy whole nature.

Know that its will is, and can only be, to destroy thee. Its desire is, and can only be, to lure thee into its hell, to win thee for its devouring.

O Brother, my own Brother, child of the one Mother, son of the one Father, during these woeful months I have sent thee Love, ay, the best Love that one human soul can send to another.

And I know that this Love shall find thee, I know that it shall save thee, I know that it shall slay thy destroyer, I know that it shall set thee free.

7.

Hear my chant, my Brother; for if thou wilt only listen to it for a little time thou will perceive in its harmony the note of the Christ-melody, and then thy malady will pass from thee, and thou shalt be healed.

Hear my song, my Brother. It is the song of thy lover.

Surely, surely, thou canst now feel how great and true is my love of thee.

Hymn of the Deliverance of Germany.

[Inscribed to the true and only Genius of the great German people, whose virtue has so forcibly manifested itself, even in these dark days, in the wondrous valour of her sons, whose warm blood is staining, ay, while I am writing these words, the snow-clad plains of Flanders.]

1.

O LAND of the rich human genius, we are thy debtors in Life, and we owe thee much, and so now, for very love of the grateful heart, we weep for thee.

Germany, the mother-soil of the intellect of the western world, rich in the seed of saints, mystics, poets, musicians, philosophers, artists and scientists of mind and matter, Germany, the fatherland of the home-loving, wife-loving, child-loving, labour-loving, peace-loving peasant, thou art now the victim of the powers of hell and the grave; for even thy fine intelligence has been captured by a false philosophy and warped by vain sophistry; and in it thou art maddened with the lust for the power to dominate, and the greed to possess the earth; and the despotism of force and the tyranny of fear, (O folly of the uttermost degree!) have seized on thy vitals.

2.

O Germany, thou well-favoured of Heaven, how thou art befooled of the infernal magician! How thou art enslaved by her enchantments!

O Land of the rich human genius, we weep for thee now, for thou hast sold thy high birthright of a godlike mission for the pottage of a dark and subtle witchery. Thou hast denied the Christ of thy wisdom, and a crude materialism is on His throne; the delusions of the Destroyer possess thy soul, and thou hast given thy strength to the god of war.

Behold, now, he whom thou servest. Behold him in his works. For he is thy god, and well worshipped by thy children.

3.

Yet art thou not utterly lost in these fogs of infatuation. Yet hath not Heaven given thee over to the powers of obsession. For still thou hast understanding, and thou shalt learn the wisdom of the one God. And through the god whom thou dost now serve, thou must suffer thy great tribulation, ere soundness of mind and thy new soul can come to thee.

Yea, out of thy sore tribulation thou shalt learn the lesson of Life.

Ay, methinks no other lesson than the present one will be needed by thee for the healing of thy mind and the renewing of thy soul.

For thou hast eyes, and thou canst see.

And thou wilt see that an *ignis fatuus* hath led thee even unto the brink of the abyss of death.

Ay, even now, through thy great tribulation, thou art being freed from the iron hand of the ancient oppressor, and Heaven is using the allied powers of the world for thy deliverance unto a higher and larger life.

And whether we, thy nearest kindred on earth, be so honoured as to be used of Heaven to show thee the way

4.

or not, yet thou shalt surely see the way of Life the blessed.

Thou shalt awake from thy nightmare dream; thou shalt yet overcome the powers of vanity that have duped thy good sense, and intoxicated thy whole nature, and thou shalt arise out of thy drunken stupor.

In the fulness of time thou shalt hear the call of Thy Christ; for thou hast ears, and thou canst hear. Yea, thou shalt hear the word of thy Holy One, thy Saviour, thy Good Angel, thy living and only true God.

5.

And the spells of the infernal magician shall fade away, and, one by one, the delusions of thy hell shall pass from thee.

And thou shalt yet stand as thou hast never before stood, strong in Life, beautiful in Love, sane in God; great, great, great in the powers of blessing.

For all the richnesses of thy genius will have become the richness of the Holy One of thy blessedness, and all thy kingdoms will have become the kingdom of thy Christ.

6.

O Germany, land of the rich human genius, lift up thy head and be glad even now, for thou shalt yet walk in the way of Life the blessed, and thy redemption draweth nigh.

Thou shalt yet shine, a star of great glory in the firmament of the new Humanity, and Heaven hath given to thy hand the hymn of her new-born life, and the utterance of the wisdom thereof.

O Germany, thou shalt sing with us the song of the

federation of Europe, and thine own Holy One shall be the composer of the Song.

7

This, the hymn of thy liberation from the powers of thy hell, sings for thy present cheer, thy brother, thy friend, thy lover, thy fellow in tribulation, who thus right willingly pours forth, and will continue to pour forth, even unto the day of thy deliverance, his best for the transmutation of the riches of thy human genius into the richness of the genius of the Christ of thy wisdom.

A Prayer for the Allies at this Time.

O CHRIST, who art the Love and the Wisdom and the Power of God for our peace, we ask Thee now to give the power of Thy Love and Wisdom to those in authority in our land and these other lands, so that in the time of the triumph of their arms over their foe, they may see that Thou hast given them the great opportunity of serving the need of the soul of our world as she has never heretofore been served by her children.

We ask that these nations may be great enough in Thy Wisdom and strong enough in Thy Love, to be able to stretch out the hand of a true, generous brotherhood to a beaten opponent. We ask that Thy Love and Wisdom may keep them from the vile ignominy of humiliating low down, even to the dark abyss of an implacable hate, a fallen antagonist.

Keep, we pray Thee, keep at this time, their hearts strong, their vision clear, their hands clean in Thy high and noble honour, O Christ of the Ages of our Race.

A Prayer for Our Motherland at this Time.

Now, O Beloved, we would breathe into Thee the will of our heart's love for our Motherland. Face to face do we speak to Thee; soul to soul do we commune with Thee, the Innermost One of our Being.

Art Thou not our Beloved, and are we not Thy lovers?

Therefore, as lovers we are to whisper into Thee the most secret desire of our nature, and we are to ask Thee, even as lovers ask of the beloved, a gift of love.

And the boon we ask of Thee now is that our Motherland may be made worthy to be Thy servant unto the nations of this world, even the servant of Thy Goodness, Thy Grace and Thy Beauty, for their deliverance from all their bonds, and to save them from their ills.

Make her, we ask Thee, the generator and bearer of Thy peace unto the ends of the earth. Make her Thy Peacemaker.

Behold our desire is ever before Thee, written on our heart, and our prayer has been spoken even into the heart of our best Beloved.

Great, great is the gift we ask of Thee, Yet surely Thou hast heard the cry of our love. Yes, great is the gift, but then, art not Thou the Great Lover?

The Call of Great Britain.

I HAVE called thee, O Britannia; I have called thee to be My servant unto the nations of the world.

For, notwithstanding the many feeblenesses of thy youthful nature, yet have I found thy soul to be worthy of my service. Therefore have I given unto thee both the opportunity and the power to serve Me unto the ends of the earth.

For thou hast a good heart and a generous will and an open hand, and thou art ready to do what appears to thee to be right.

Art thou, then willing to be My servant? Is thy love of thy neighbour great enough to give thee the strength of will to fulfil My service unto all mankind? For if only thou art strong enough in love, I shall endow thee with My wisdom; and this will surely make thee the invulnerable, ay, the unassailable one among the nations.

Art thou willing to give all to thy brother? Art thou willing to receive him into the wide-open arms of thy compassion? Art thou ready to hold out thy hand unto the alien, whosoever he may be, and say unto him: "Come to me, my brother, come, and we shall eat the bread of human kindness together."

If thou art thus strong in thy true and only goodness I shall surely make of thee My beacon-light unto the world. And thou shalt stand unto the ages of ages, strong in thy strength, stable, sure, founded on Me, the Rock of the unchanging love. And thou shalt radiate perpetually, and throughout the ages, My light, even the holy light of all My blessedness. For I, even I, am the fulness of God; and I, if I be lifted up, will draw all unto My shining.

Behold now thy destiny, O Land of My nurture. Hear now My call, O people of My care. Art thou yet able to rise and follow Me? Art thou yet grown strong enough in love to fulfil thy great destiny?

Hymn to Demeter.

1.

Sing, O Demeter ; sing, O Mother-earth ; thy little child now sings to thee.

Sing, O Demeter, the song of thy new life ; thy little one would sing with thee.

2.

Surely we have felt thine agony, surely we have tasted thy pain, surely we have travailed in birth with thee, the good mother of our flesh, the nourisher of our animal soul.

3.

Thou knowest, O Demeter the beautiful, how we love thee. Thy fair body is sweet to our touch, thy holy breath is sweet to our taste ; thy soul, ah, we are of it, the great, the generous, the bountiful soul. Ay, we are substance of thy substance, element of thine elements, bone of thy bone, and flesh of thy flesh. We are in thy very essence ; we are thy very children.

Therefore we love thee with the devotion of a good son to a good mother ; and we would, and we cannot do otherwise than pour forth for thy comfort all the virtue and all the strength of our nature.

4.

We know thine agony, O Demeter, but we know that it is well with thee.

Surely, surely thou art neither fallen, nor defiled, nor lost, nor straying.

Surely thy path is unto the ages of ages, well guided by the Hand of thy Lover.

Surely, surely thou art in the way of the Great Sun ; surely thy course is ever towards thy high-born kindred, the sweet Brotherhood of the Pleiades.

Surely, surely thy Holy One keepeth thee well.

Surely thou art in the way of Life.

Surely, surely the Eye who slumbereth not nor sleepeth holds thee and guides thee now.

5.

Awake, then, to song, O Demeter, thy little child sings in thy song.

Awake thy hymn of new-found joy, O good Mother of our days, thine own little one joys in thy joy.

6.

Chant we together, O good Mother of the children of our earth, the solemn requiem of thy sons, in whose blood, wild yet generous, is the seed, shed into thy body, of the race of a gentler and stronger beauty.

7.

Chant we together the solemn requiem of these braves, who, in self-immolating hecatombs, have given, and are giving in these days, little though they ween it so, their rich virility for the fertilizing of the Womb of the ages of our race.

8.

Ever have the sacrifices of love, O Demeter, been the way of thy life. Ever yet, for thee and thy children, is

the way of the Cross the way of Life, and the song of the Cross the song of thy new Day.

9.

Ever beautiful, ay, and of a wondrous beauty to the eyes of thy child, is thy body, O Mother-earth; beautiful is the light of thy soul, of a wondrous beauty to the eye of thy lover is the radiance of thy life.

10.

Yet a higher life and a fairer radiance, and children of a gentler and stronger beauty await thee, O Demeter, as the gift of the love of thy Great Lover, the Holy Sun of thy blessedness. Sing, therefore, yea, sing, sing with me now the joy of thy coming Day.

11.

Surely dawns thy Day even now. Surely the dark night of thy sorrow is passing away with these present hours. Surely comes thy Day of holy radiance, when no more shall thy great soul be torn in the anguish of thy children, when no more shall thy fair bosom be rent and harrowed by the infernal instruments of their fratricidal strife.

12.

O, my Mother, my own Mother, beautiful is the fruit of thy pain; ay, of a gentler and stronger beauty than heretofore seen of men shall be our new humanity, thy child of the ages, even thine own ageless child.

Sing, O Demeter, sing now with me, thy little one.
For very joy in thy joy, thy lover sings with thee.

*The following books by James L. Macbeth Bain are to be had through all Booksellers, from the Publishers,
The Theosophical Publishing Society, 161 New Bond Street, London, W.*

The Brotherhood of Healers. (Out of print at present).

Price, Cloth and Gold, 1/6; Paper, 1/-. Crown 8vo. pp. 60.

The Song of the Cross and the Chant of the Labour of Satan.

Price 3/6. Crown 8vo. pp. 324. Cloth and Gold.

The Opening of the Gates.

Price 3/6. pp. 330. Cloth and Gold.

Breathings of the Angel's Love and Stories of Angel Life.

Price 2/6. pp. 142. Cloth and Gold.

Breaths of the Great Love's Song.

Price 3/-. pp. 200. Cloth and Gold.

The Christ of the Holy Grail.

Price 2/6. pp. 115. Cloth and Gold. Paper Cover, 1/-.

In the Heart of the Holy Grail.

Price 3/6. pp. 200. Cloth and Gold.

Corpus Meum.

Price 2/6. pp. 104. Cloth and Gold.

The Lady Sheila and other Celtic Memorabilia.

Price 2/-. Cloth and Gold. pp. 76. Post free, 2/3.

ALSO

The Christ of the Healing Hand.

Just published, 3/-. Cloth and Gold. pp. 173. Post free, 3/3.

ALSO JUST PUBLISHED

The Barefoot League.

pp. 45. Post free, 7d.

My publishers have already printed abundant Press reviews and other appreciations of those works. But I do not reprint these notices, as I now prefer to allow the word in these books to speak for itself. The best witness to the power they hold is in the confidential testimony of many, many all over the world who have written me of the blessing these writings have borne into their lives.

To print excerpts from such letters would seem, and might be to some, the proper thing to do. And I have been often advised to do so, but I cannot.

Up to the present my refusal to use any of the ordinary methods of advertising—for I have never advertised by my own cost or initiative in any journal—has been a protest against our commercial system of self-advertisement, which, alas! controls the spiritual Press to a painful extent.

But as it has been represented to me that many who would wish to know of my new work would not otherwise so readily hear of it, I send this book forth

through these publishers, allowing them to use some simple method for its publication apart from that of general reviewal. And thus, as I have said in the Foreword, I am freed from much labour and freed for the expression of much that is pressing within for its utterance. And every word of Life will utter itself in God's own way and time.

The foregoing is a reprint taken from the addenda to the Christ of the Holy Grail, and now in this the third edition of this Chant of the Great Peace, let us vow anew, even as Lillie and I vowed on our knees this New Year's morning, to love one another, to love every soul, ay, to love and ever to love at all times and in all conditions. Thus, thus shall we keep the Great Peace of God deep in our own soul for the sustaining, the controlling, the guiding and the general comforting of those little children of Christ among whom we now dwell. O Love, be Thou my Guide. O Love, lead Thou me on.

I am Omega

THIS BOOK IS PRINTED BY DAVID BROWN,
AT
RAMSAY LANE,
ON THE CASTLE HILL OF EDINBURGH,
IN DECEMBER 1914.

(The Design for the Cover is by Agnes Leith).



